ity . . . to all those little nameless stimuli which are generally kept coiled up, but which sometimes, in me, a nervous lapse releases . . . in short, a state of complete anarchy and, if the word did not annoy me so much, I should say of "irresponsibility." I who this very morning was congratulating myself on feeling well. Oh, how far I still am from the truth! (Yet one must understand and admit that certain natures are deformed by lack of constraint. I am not saying this for myself, for I have always known it, but rather for Fontainas, Jarnmes and the Belgian School.)

I take hold of Jaloux and Miomandre, then, and bring them home. Here we are in my study. It appears that I have nothing to say to them, nothing to learn from them. I have, however, read Jaloux's book and didn't find it at all bad; but when I try to talk to him of it, I get all wound up in restrictions to prove at one and the same time my frankness and the delicacy of my critical taste. Then, I don't know how or why— through the same absurd fatality that makes Muishkin approach the fragile vase he is afraid of breaking —I bring up the subject of Suares (a dangerous subject on which I know that we shall not be able to agree). The letter I have just written to Mauclair about Suar&s is in my pocket; I have kept it for three days since I don't know his address, which Miomandre gives me at once. I am unfortunate enough to be somewhat satisfied with this letter, and especially with having dared to write it. I am seized with an itch to show it to them. Come on, I can't resist any longer. Besides, the envelope isn't closed. Fully aware of my error, of my mistake, holding in a trembling hand this sheet that I read stumbling over each sentence, I read it. I read painfully, my forehead covered with sweat, *forcing myself,* interrupting myself, looking closely for the disastrous effect of the reading, altogether lucid and conscious; then I resume, I go on. . . .

I have slept on it; I am still sick about it. The least unfortunate result of this mistake is to keep me now from sending the letter. But the greatest harm it causes me is to fill and becloud my whole mind for so long.

I am writing all this down as a lesson to me; but what I should do is to strengthen myself against myself. For I already knew my failing well; and that absurd need heedlessly to hand myself over disarmed to anyone whatsoever.

Sunday

The mere recollection of my stupidity of the day before yesterday is enough to scrape on my heart as with a knife.

Read yesterday Upton Sinclair's *King Midas;* very bad, quite outside literature.

The Charles Gides and the Drouins come to lunch*

The least society.